

THE INTELLIGENCER.

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The Intelligencer.

WHEELING, W. VA., MARCH 15, 1887.

A Review.
In politics as in everything else of human interest in this world, it is well to have an occasional summing up of the situation.

The INTELLIGENCER takes occasion, in the full of the Senatorial trial, to present to its readers some points of its work in this direction. It does this, not in vindication, or in reply to the capricious criticisms of some of its Republican contemporaries. It simply wishes to make a record as a matter of history, that its intelligent readers may continue to remember that its course on the Senatorial question has been dictated, not by passion or prejudice, but by sound political sagacity looking to a permanent policy for the future of the Republican party.

Before the sitting of the Legislature, the position of its members was in a very incalculable condition. Anti-Camden Democrats had given up the contest, under the persuasion that Mr. Camden would receive enough Republican votes in any event to elect him. Until the appearance of the leader in the INTELLIGENCER headed "The Duty of the Hour," Mr. Camden's friends were jubilant, and considered his election assured. That article was like a bomb of dynamite thrown into their camp. They stood in utter dismay, and realized for the first time that they had a fierce fight on their hands. "The Duty of the Hour" gave new life and courage to the anti-Camden Democrats. It opened the eyes of Republicans, and showed them clearly what their duty was—a duty which, we are proud to know, they discharged in the end, leaving Mr. Camden high and dry on the beach for political wreckers to pick up.

We felt it our duty to give the anti-Camden Democrats all the encouragement that we could, for two reasons. First, if they were sincere, they were entitled to all that could be gained out of the contest. Second, if they were insincere, their selfishness would most of its reward by showing them to all the world as a set of political mountebanks, unworthy of the respect of decent men in their own party, and as shameless traitors to their trust. Up to the adjournment of the Legislature, we admired their pluck, their patriotism and their unselfish devotion to their movement. So far did the INTELLIGENCER go, that from a few narrow-minded Republicans, it received nothing but kicks and blows, even going so far as to charge that the newspaper had been "corrupted," a charge which has not disturbed our equilibrium.

Especially were we made the object of the venom of narrow-minded, unscrupulous Republicans when we laid before our readers the well connected scheme for Mr. Camden's election. It is now seen by every unprejudiced mind that but for the exposure of the scheme, Mr. Camden would have been elected on that fatal Saturday.

If there had ever been a reasonable doubt that the dispatch "Going to go" was well founded, that doubt would have been dispelled by the carefully prepared interview with Secretary Scofield, of the Republican State Committee, who has been frank enough to say that he was of those who saw that strange light and strongly concluded that peculiar course.

Dismissing entirely from the view of Secretary Scofield and those who thought with him, we are bound to say that Mr. Scofield has been much more honest than some others who might be named. He freely admits that he changed front and seeks to justify himself. But there are some others with great difficulty restrained from making a break to Camden—who, with marvelous effrontery, have taken a hand in criticizing the INTELLIGENCER for giving the news and bolting the doors.

We have no great objection to these men banking on a borrowed virtue, and it is not our present purpose to embalm them in indelible ink. This feature of the affair is mentioned because there is such a feature, and it has a proper place in this condensed review. In spite of those efforts the Republican party was saved from a blunder, and we indulge the belief that the same influences are still capable of good work in the same line.

The INTELLIGENCER does not intend, if it can help it, that Mr. Camden shall be elected by Republican votes, though it is aware that there is still a strong disposition to do that thing. But the INTELLIGENCER will continue to go about its work in its own way—an essential part of which is to give the news—and those persons who don't like that way won't like the INTELLIGENCER's way.

One of the Twelve and the Governor. Since the adjournment of the Legislature and the confirmation of the rumor of a secret deal, we cannot escape the conclusion that the INTELLIGENCER placed too high an estimate on the patriotism and political honesty of two of the men who were in the kickers' movement—the Governor and his senatorial appointee.

Mr. Lucas has been long in his professions and pretensions. When he made his celebrated speech in the joint session of the Legislature, one would have supposed that the shades of Washington and Jefferson were standing by his side to inspire and uphold him in that tremendous effort. It was a reminder of the day of Webster and Calhoun. Its periods were rounded in the true Jozean style, and this greatest effort of his life was embalmed in print, and scattered over the State to an astonished and admiring multitude. Even in the cold atmosphere of the sabbath we were caught in the admiration. We felt proud of our State, proud that the INTELLIGENCER had brought to the front such an able exponent of purity in politics, and the prop-

pective regeneration of the old, dead and unsavory carcasses of Democracy.

But, alas! for all human expectation! The world is going to the bad. Feudalism and Plunder, triumph, and Mr. Lucas comes out at the small end of the horn a full fledged Senator—the successor of one he denounced as a boodle politician, who was running and ruining the State, especially the Democratic voters thereof. All the humiliations of the Democratic party, this is the worst. If we were a Democracy, we would say, Good Lord, save us from this sort of Democracy!

This appointment of Mr. Lucas ought to bring shame and confusion on the men who engineered it through. We do not believe that all the anti-Camden Democrats who stood as a wall of fire against Mr. Camden's heels and strikers will submit to this insult. Eleven of the "twelve apostles" wisely protested against the selection of one of their own number. The Governor and Mr. Lucas unwisely gave no heed to the protest.

We do not know in what way the eleven will resent the indignity, but we think they will resent it, for there are among them men of great self-respect and of a fine sense of propriety.

A Dream of Five Seconds.

As a proof of the rapidity with which images succeed each other in drama the *Revue Scientifique* publishes the following account of a dream of five seconds: "I was sitting with a police official at his elbow, and we were discussing some factitious story, when an employe came in and set down beside me, leaning with his elbows on the table. I looked up and said to him: 'You have forgotten to make the soup.' 'No, no; come with me.' We went out together, going across long corridors, I walking behind him, at the college where I had been brought up. He went into a wing of the house which I knew well, and which led to the class room. Under the stairs he showed me a shelf on which stood an oyster shell with a little white point in it. (I had been mixing water colors the evening before.) 'But you have forgotten the vegetables.' 'Go to the porter at the other end of the court-yard; you will find them there on the table.' 'Wait for a long time; at last I saw him making signs to me that he had found nothing. 'It is at the left hand,' I shouted, and saw him cross the yard, coming back with an immense cabbage. I took a knife from my pocket, which he gave me, and cut the moment when I was going to cut the vegetable I was awakened by the noise of a bowl of soup being put heavily on my bed. It appeared to me that the idea of soup was suggested to me by the South French waiter when the door was opened by the servant bringing in the soup while I was asleep, and it takes five seconds at the most to walk from the door to the bed."

New Light on the Subject.

A little man with gray eyes rushed into the smoking-room of a Pullman car on the Chicago & Atlantic road the other day, and taking a safety match from the safe on the wall began scratching the side of his head on the wood-work. The bald-headed men who were sitting in the compartment smiled serenely as they watched the little fellow's vain effort to strike a light. "You can't light one of those matches unless you strike the match on the side of the safe," said one of the spectators, but coming annoyed at the rasping noise, "You can't do it, I tell you," repeated the same spectator, shifting his position. "You can't do it," replied the little man, "but you will light it in your sleep." "But you want to cover that bet?" "Certainly." "And does your friend want another \$5 of it?" "Of course," said the other spectator, speaking for himself. Four \$5 bills were piled up on the table in quick order, and then the little man took a match from his safe, walked to the end of the car and rubbed the percussion head along the ground, flinty glass. The little stick burst into flame and burned rapidly as the little man picked up the four bills and walked out upon the platform to enjoy the crisp air. After he had gone the bald-headed men spoke to one another in a strange tongue.

Slightly Disgusted, but Still in the Ring.

Ex-Senator J. N. Camden, of West Virginia, who is thoroughly disgusted with the action of the Legislature of that State in failing to return to him in hiding at the Fifth Avenue Hotel for two or three days. He is much disappointed but tells his friends that he still has hopes of reelection as the Governor has reconvened the State Legislature. It seems that the excitement over the Senatorship contest the members failed to take action upon a large number of necessary appropriations and adjourned with important business untransacted, thus making it necessary for the Governor to call them together again.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup should be kept in every family. A slight cough, if unchecked, is the forerunner of consumption. One dose of this wonderful medicine has rescued many from the grave.

GEDNEY HOGES, NEW YORK.

Broadway and Fortieth street, opposite Metropolitan Opera House and Casino, Hotel entirely new. Desirable for business men or families. European Plan. Rooms \$1 per day upwards. Excellent restaurant.

GRAN DAN, MACAGLE & W. B. BOWEN, TRIBUNE.

Superintendent of fashionable Sunday School—Now, children, what bird was it that brought Noah such good tidings? Small voice from rear seat—'I know! Ostrich,' 'Ostrich? What could put the wings in her hat.'

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They Meant Well, Anyhow.

The other day two ladies with benevolent faces and a bundle of tracts entered the county jail and began a distribution of literature among the prisoners, accompanying each gift with such words of comfort and advice as circumstances appeared to render necessary. The official in charge at the time escorted the ladies to the door of ward 2 just as Turkey Cranell, who was inside of the ward at the time, was coming toward the door. He stood quietly on the inside among the prisoners waiting until the ladies had finished their good work. The latter made a rather awkward mistake and concluding that the turkey himself was an inmate, they offered him a tract.

"My poor man," she observed, holding the book between the bars, "take this and promise me that you will read it in your cell before you go to bed every night. It will do you good and help you to bear up under your troubles."

"But, madame, I—I—h—h—," stammered the turkey, reddening.

"Now never mind," continued the good women still offering the tract, "I know what you are going to say. You think perhaps you are too far gone to be induced by these stories, but I don't care what horrible crime you have committed; this tract will comfort you. Even if your hands are red with the blood of a fellow creature there is yet hope."

"Well, I'll try it," he said.

"Now, don't add profanity to your other awful crimes. Here's a little sermon on the sin of swearing. Take it and be guided by the counsel you will find there."

The unfortunate turkey made two or three attempts to explain matters, but in vain, and when he saw several grinning depulping looking in his discomfited he seized the proffered tract and dived headlong into one of the cells, venturing forth only when assured that the ladies were clear of the premises.

Manifest Destiny.

Omaha World.
Omaha mother—"My husband, are you sure Dr. Moneybags would be willing to have his daughter marry a fortuneless youth?" "Husband—I heard him say distinctly that he was married for love, and was determined that his children should, no matter what the difference in circumstances or social grade." "Then our George can marry an heiress. Isn't it fortunate?" "I know George is badly smitten in that direction, but I'm pretty sure from his gloomy demeanor that he meets with no encouragement." "That's his own fault then. She loves him devotedly, madly. She'd go crazy if she didn't get him. My gracious! How did you discover that?" "Sister talked with me an hour yesterday about different members of our family and never mentioned George once."

Rev. John Scarlatti, East Orange, N. J., reports his wife cured of erysipelas by Palmer's "Skin-Success."

DIED.

ROTHMEYER—On Monday morning, March 14, 1887, at 4:20 o'clock, John Rothmeyer, aged 1 year, 7 months and 11 days.

Funeral from the residence of his grandfather, John Money, No. 1029 Chapin street, this (Tuesday) afternoon at 2 o'clock. Friends of the family are invited. Interment private.

GOETZ—At Genoa Junction, Wis., on Sunday afternoon, March 13, 1887, at 6 o'clock, P. M., Isaac Goetz, in the 64th year of his age.

Funeral from the residence of his son, Charles E. Goetz, No. 1236 Sixth street, on Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Friends of the family are invited to attend. Interment at Woodlawn Cemetery.

ROBINSON—On Sunday morning, March 13, 1887, at 9:30 A. M., at the residence of his brother, George Robinson, No. 1029 Chapin street, this (Tuesday) afternoon at 2 o'clock. Friends of the family are invited to attend. Interment at Woodlawn Cemetery.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE—A CHICKERING SQUARE Piano, six octaves. Price \$500.00. Can be seen in day and night at 2725 Main street.

ELECTION NOTICE.

Members of the Economy Building Association are hereby notified that a meeting will be held in Association Hall on Tuesday evening, March 29, 1887, for the election of Directors for the year, and for the transaction of any other business that may come before the Association. Nominations must be made at previous meeting, at same place, on March 22, at 8 o'clock P. M. JAMES E. HANES, President. WM. GOERING, Secretary. mvs-15

IF YOU WANT

To Quit the Use of Tobacco
Get a package of the "Substitute," for sale by
R. H. LIST, Druggist,
1010 Main Street.
Price 10 cents by mail 15 cents. mvs

PUBLIC SALE.

The late R. G. BARR, Esq., will be sold at public auction at the Court House of Ohio county, W. Va., on Saturday, March 26, 1887, beginning at 10 o'clock A. M. J. G. HENRY, Auctioneer. mvs

GRAND CLEARANCE SALE.

Over 100 Pictures,
Nicely Framed, will be sold at auction, beginning on Wednesday next, at 1222 Market street. Call and see them Tuesday. E. L. NICOLL. mvs

FOR RENT.

No. 122 Fifteenth street, eight rooms with bath. Terms very reasonable.
Also, five rooms on first and second floors of 1501 Chevalier street; and three rooms in basement of 1501 Chevalier street. Apply to
W. H. RINHAFT,
1103 Market street. mvs

WANTED.

Five Glass Engravers.

Steady work. Call at office of
CENTRAL GLASS WORKS, City. mvs

EGG POACHERS!

The Latest Novelty Out.

Call and see them at the Hardware and House-furnishing Store of
NEBBITT & BROS.,
1121 Market Street. mvs

MAJOLICA POTTERS, ALL SIZES.

Majolica Pickle Dishes.

Majolica Butter Dishes.

All on the CHEAP COUNTER at low prices.

EWING BROS.,
1215 Market St., opp. McFarlane House. mvs

AUCTION SALE